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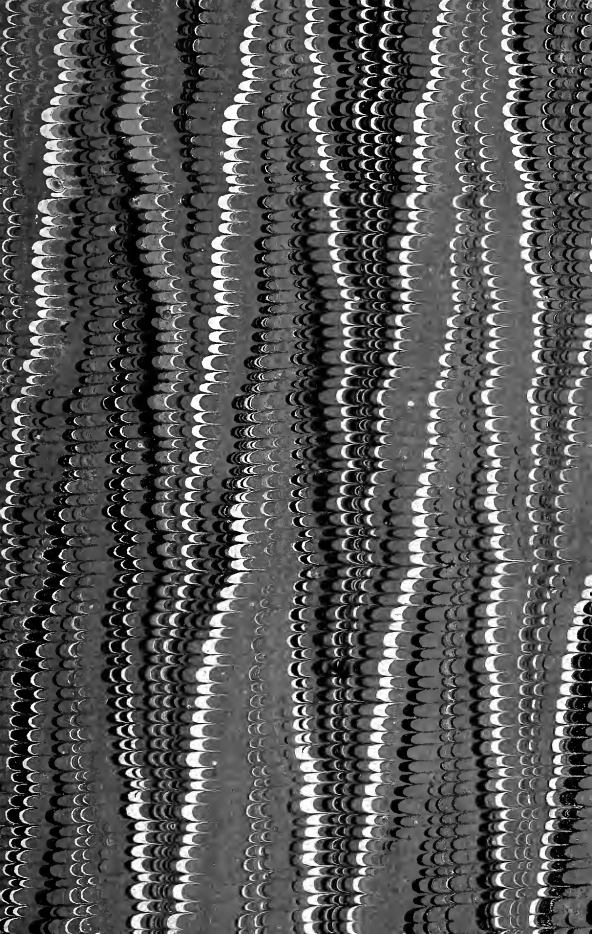


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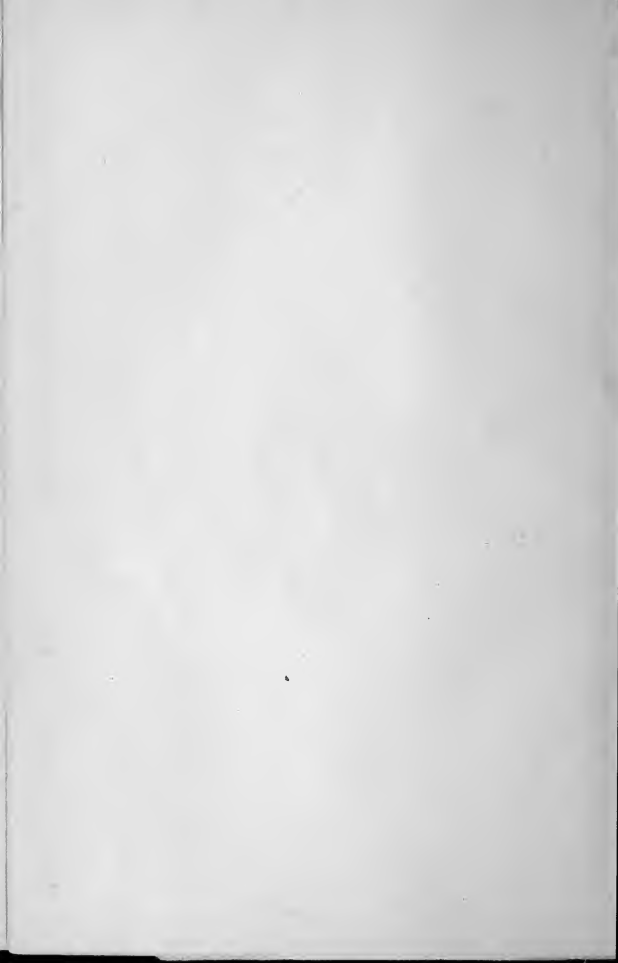
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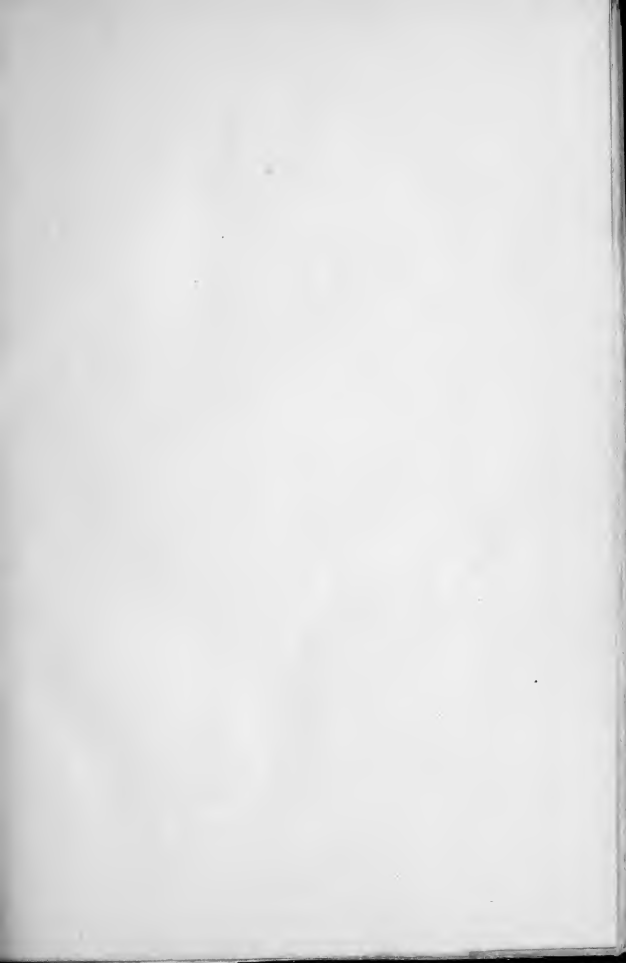
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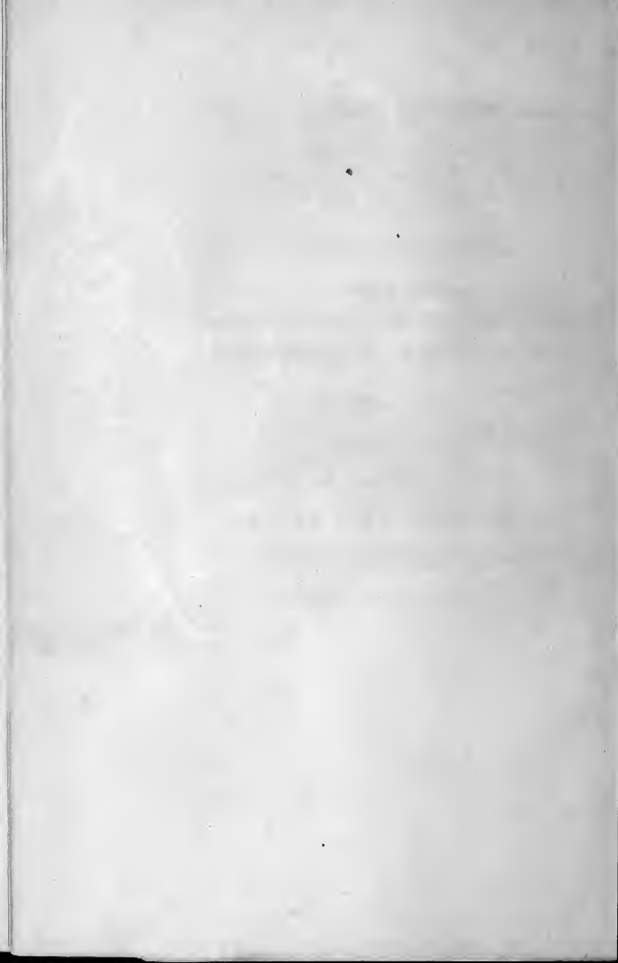












6

THE
REVIEW;
OR, THE
WAGS OF WINDSOR.
IN TWO ACTS.

✓
BY G. COLMAN, THE YOUNGER,
AUTHOR OF JOHN BULL, POOR GENTLEMAN,
&c. &c.

—:~:—
AS PERFORMED

AT THE

NEW-YORK THEATRE.

3x, ^{PAIR}
FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK

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Just to Emerson's

New York - 1804.

no. 2

PR 4501 R4
C3 1804

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. Deputy Bull,	Mr. JOHNSON.
Captain Beaugard,	Mr. MARTIN.
Looney Mactwolter,	Mr. TYLER.
John Lump,	Mr. HOGG.
Caleb Quotem,	Mr. HARWOOD.
Charles Williams,	Mr. SHAPTER.
Dubbs,	Mr. HALLAM, Jun.
Serjeant,	Mr. ROBINSON.
Grace Gaylove,	Mrs. HALLAM.
Lucy,	Mrs. DARBY.
Phœbe Whitethorn,	Miss HOGG.

Robt Simpson

THE REVIEW.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Windsor camp. (Sun rising.)

CAPTAIN BEAUGARD discovered.—Serjeant and soldiers picturesquely grouped before the tents.

MEDLEY.

‘WHEN the lark in æther singing,
‘Tunes his matins to the skies,
‘Briskly from the straw-bed springing,
‘Jolly soldiers, rise!
‘While here in camp we lie,
‘Dull sorrow we defy;
‘No care can damp our joys,
‘We’re merry english boys!
‘Oh! when the gay reveillez sounds,
‘From earth’s fresh lap the soldier bounds;
‘Then rub a dub dub, the drummer goes,
‘And toota toota too, the fifer blows.
‘We are soldiers of Britain, we revel and sing,
‘We are staunch in the cause of our country
and king.

Beau. Serjeant!

Serj. Here, noble captain!

Beau. We must be in excellent order to-morrow, when his majesty comes from Windsor to review us.

Serj. It shall do his royal eyes good to see us, your honor.

Beau. I trust it will, serjeant. Our king has the feelings of a father for his subjects; and a father's heart must surely be touch'd, when so many of his children flock round him in times of trouble, anxious to shew their affection and duty.

Serj. Huzza, your honor! and he that writes the life of king George, is but a bungler, if he leaves out that serjeant Higginbottom loved him.

Beau. Well said, serjeant Higginbottom! now send the young volunteer to me, who enter'd last night.

Serj. Harry Bloomly, captain?

Beau. The same; and hark'ye, serjeant, should the pretty little gipsey girl, that came to my tent yesterday, want to speak with me, be sure to see her safe and quietly through the lines.

Serj. Ahem! let me alone, your honor.

(*archly.*)

Beau. Nay, nay; no soldiers' jokes now, master Serjeant. I have particular reasons that this girl, whatever she may seem, may pass unmolested by your men!

Serj. Never fear, captain; though a petticoat may be a little patch'd a soldier loves it too well, to insult the wearer of it.

[*exit, with soldiers.*]

Beau. This gipsey disguise of Lucy's, which I intended to make her avoid notice in the camp, I fear renders her more conspicuous—she had better come with her dispatches, from my fair

little quaker of Windsor, in the real character of chambermaid.—Oh ! here she is !

Enter Lucy, as a gipsey.

Lucy. Captain Beaugard !

Beau. Ah, my little Lucy !

“Disguis’d, among the greeks, from tent to tent,
“In tatters, thus the paphian goddess went.”

Lucy. Your soldier fellows are devils—they gave me no less than eight kisses as I came along, for I counted them.

Beau. Keep a fair reckoning, Lucy. (*kisses her.*)

Lucy. That makes nine—there’s luck in odd numbers, they say—let me look at your palm, captain, and I’ll tell your fortune.

Beau. I must cross your hand first, Lucy. (*gives money.*)

Lucy. Gold ! thank you captain ! I wish you were a general ; here’s a line (*looking at his hand*) that tells me you will change your quarters, in half an hour.

Beau. That’s a lying line I believe, Lucy.

Lucy. Never trust the stars, then ; for your fate decrees—but, I must give it you in high sounding language, for the fates are pompous :

Captain you must to Windsor-town repair,
Where I for you this summer day have hir’d
A neat first floor, at one pound one per week.

Beau. For the better carrying on our plans, I suppose—but explain——

Lucy. Mr. Deputy Bull, my master, grows

very suspicious of his ward, the merry young quaker, my mistress.

Beau. My mistress, you mean, Lucy!

Lucy. My coming here, day after day, will be discovered; so I have hired lodgings for you, in the town of Windsor here, where we may have easier communication.

Beau. Who is my landlord?

Lucy. The parish clerk:—Caleb Quotem.

Beau. Damn that fellow, he's the laugh of all Windsor, he has more trades than hairs on his wig; and more tongue than trades—he'll talk me to death.

Lucy. But the parish clerk, captain, is the readiest road, for you to the parson.

Beau. Well—I know his house.

Lucy. Go there, then immediately—we are in a strange state at Mr. Deputy Bull's, every hour may bring something new; and I may have occasion to give you intelligence in the course of the day.

Beau. I'll prepare directly; how shall I get you through the lines?

Lucy. Leave that to me—I'll cant my way in the true gipsey stile;—only hear me?

SONG.—LUCY.

A poor little gipsey I wander forlorn,
My fortune was told long before I was born;
So fortunes I tell, as forsaken I stray,
And in search of my lover, I'm lost on my way.
Spare a halfpenny!
Spare a poor little gipsey, a halfpenny!

I fear from this line you have been a sad man,
And to harm us poor girls, have form'd many a
plan ;
But beware least repentance too late cause you
pain,
And attend to the lesson I give in my strain.
Spare a halfpenny, &c.

[*exit.*]

Beau. I must now prepare for my new lodgings.—Oh ! here comes Harry Bloomly.

Enter PHOEBE WHITETHORN, dressed as a private soldier.

Beau. So, my young fellow, you are equipt, I see—a smart stripling enough in your regimentals !

Phoe. The men say I don't look amiss in them, captain.

Beau. As you applied to me last night, when you came to the camp, I had a curiosity to see you this morning—how came you to enlist ?

Phoe. To serve his majesty, captain ; and to help to give his enemies a drubbing.

Beau. Bravely spoken ! but you begin early, youngster—before you have any symptoms of a beard upon your chin.

Phoe. Oh, captain ! I found it would be a very tedious time, if I waited for that : pray, captain, if I may make so bold, isn't one Charles Williams in your regiment ?

Beau. He attends on me.

Phoe. (*eagerly.*) Does he, indeed!

Beau. And is one of the handiest fellows in the ranks.

Phoe. And one of the handsomest, I'm sure, captain.

Beau. Do you know any thing of him?

Phoe. Yes—no—I—that is—I know he is a Shropshire lad, and born in the same parish with me.

Beau. Then you are acquainted, it seems?

Phoe. Oh, no—not at all acquainted—only we were very intimate, to be sure; and—

Beau. Not acquainted, but very intimate! there is something very suspicious in this account. youngster—I trust Williams is honest;—but I shall examine him myself.—

Phoe. O, dear, your honor! I would not have him come to harm on my account, for the world—he's one of the truest-hearted, constant—

Beau. Constant!

Phoe. (*confused.*) Lud!—what have I said!

Beau. Do let me look at you again:—a woman, by this light. (*aside.*) 'I tell you what, 'child, there is a particular something about 'you, that convinces me you are as tight a little Shropshire lass, as ever danced round the 'wrekin.

'*Phoe.* Pray, pray, your honor, don't betray 'me!—but you officers, are the very deuce at 'finding out a *particular something* about a woman. that's the truth on't.'

Beau. What's your name?

Phoe. Phœbe Whitethorn, sir.

Beau. So!—love for Williams, I see has made a soldier of you, my pretty Phœbe.

Phoe. Sure enough, and so it has.—If ever a witch wore a red coat, your honor is one, I'll be sworn.

Beau. But why do you follow a man, my poor girl, who has deserted you?

Phoe. He's no deserter, your honor; he's as true to his love as to his king; but when his father died last christmas without a penny, and I was poor too, what could be done, your honor? if we had married, twenty to one, we should have had a family, and then how could we support them, you know!

Beau. Very naturally reason'd, indeed.

Phoe. And so, your honor, poor Charles enlisted, and bid me good bye, till he could make a fortune, and come back to me; but when he was gone, I thought it would be long before my Charles would be made a general, and grow rich, so I determin'd to follow him, and—and here I am your honor.

Beau. Well, well; child; keep quiet for a short time—it is not usual to enlist women, indeed; but one way or other, I will undertake your fortunes—go to your post, and be cautious.

Phoe. Oh, never fear captain; you have given me such spirits, that I shall pass for a merry little soldier—they shan't discover me, I warrant you, captain.

SONG—PHŒBE.

A tight merry soldier I'll swagger away,
 And threaten the foes of old England to drub;
 I'll rise, for parade, by the break of the day
 When rous'd by the sound of the rub a dub dub.

In camp I'll be merry, and each afternoon
 When duty is over, and nothing to do;
 I'll cry "little fifer, come strike up a tune,"
 And jig it away to his toota too too.

To be clean on the march, will be always my
 pride,
 My spatterdash neat and my hair in a club;
 And if my dear lover should march by my side,
 My heart will beat quick to the rub a dub dub.
 [exunt.]

SCENE II.

*An apartment in the house of Mr. Deputy Bull
 at Windsor.*

Enter DEPUTY BULL and GRACE GAYLOVE.

Bull. Suppose I did sell a few figs upon Lud-
 gate-hill, why must you be quizzing my origin?

Grace, I quiz thee not, friend Bull, though
 thou did'st deal in grocery.

Bull. Grocery be damn'd! arn't I, now, Mr.
 Deputy Bull, of Portsoken-ward, with my car-
 riage and country-house here at Windsor, all

in taste—I retire here for fresh air—and you slap tea and treacle in my chops.—Didn't Obadiah Gaylove, your father, on his death-bed, make you my ward?

Grace. Yea—being then exceeding weak, he appointed thee my guardian.

Bull. Then you should mind what I say : and, I say, Grace Gaylove, you don't go to the review to-morrow.

Grace. Verily, Bull, the truth is not in thee, for I will behold the men-of-war perform their exercise, and at night when the youths and maiden, do assemble to the sounds of minstrelsey—

Bull. Well, what then?

Grace. Then reels and jigs will I dance.

Bull. A pretty quaker you are to be dancing reels and jigs at a ball! this mad captain Beaugard has bewitched you.

Grace. That same captain Beaugard saved my life, friend Bull, when the pleasure-barge did overset at Datchet, he sprang from the shore and plucked me from the waters.

Bull. And left me sinking in a mud-hole, and be damn'd to him—with my legs jam'd into an eel-basket. If I hadn't catch'd hold of Neptune's pitchfork, at the end of the boat, I should have gone to the bottom like a lump of sugar, in a tea-cup.

Grace. Ha! ha! when I beheld thee dripping without thy perriwig, thou didst remind me of an old weazel, on its hinder legs.

Bull. Upon my soul, I am very much obliged to you, madam Grace! this captain—and your

tumble in the Thames, have plaguily unstarch'd your manners.

Grace. Yea, after my falling in the waters, I became a wet quaker.

Bull. Well, wet or dry, get you up to your chamber.

Grace. Yea!—hum.

Bull. And you'll promise me never to think of this Beaugard again.

Grace. Nay!—hum.

Bull. Damn me if you shall hum me, I wish I had never heard of such a thing as a soldier.

Grace. Then, friend Bull, thou hadst never made thy fortune by figs—for a soldier, is the protector of commerce, and claimeth the tradesman's respect and gratitude:—he also protecteth the fair, and a soldier findeth favor in my eye. Thou understandest me—hum. (*archly.*)

[*Exit.*]

Bull. Oh, yes, I do understand you—that's as much as to say, I have twenty thousand pounds when I come of age, and I'll follow my own inclinations.

Enter MARTHA.

Mar. Here's a man, sir, come after the footman's place.

Bull. I hope he's civiler than the last fellow. Does he look modest?

Mar. Oh, yes, sir—he's an irishman.

Bull. Well, we are used to them in the Bull family—let me see him. [*Exit Martha.*]

I hope I shall be able to keep a servant at last

—they are all so confounded saucy to me, because I have been a grocer.

Enter LOONEY MACTWOLTER.

Bull. So you want a place?

Loon. You may say that, with your own ugly mouth.

Bull. My ugly mouth!—you have been in service before.

Loon. Does a duck swim?

Bull. Who have you liv'd with?

Loon. I lived with the Mactwolver's nineteen years, and then they turn'd me off.

Bull. The Mactwolver's!—why did they turn you off?

Loon. They went dead.

Bull. That's an awkward way of discharging a servant—who were they?

Loon. My own beautiful father and mother, they died of a whisky fever; and left myself, Looney Mactwolver, heir to their estate.

Bull. Then they had an estate, it seems.

Loon. Yes, they had a pig.

Bull. Umph!—but they died, you say, when you were nineteen; what have you been doing ever since?

Loon. I'm a physicianer.

Bull. The devil you are!

Loon. Yes;—I'm a cow-doctor.

Bull. And what brought you here?

Loon. Hay-making—look! this is a fork.

Bull. Well, I see that.

Loon. Hire me ; then I'll have a knife to it, and prettily I'll toss about your beef, mr. Bull.

Bull. I don't doubt you—this fellow would ram a cart-load of church steaks down his throat, with a paving rod. What can you do as a footman?—can you clean plates?

Loon. Clean a plate!—botheration, man, would you have me for your kitchen-maid?

Bull. Do you think, Looney, you could contrive to beat a coat?

Loon. Faith can I, in the Connaught fashion.

Bull. How's that?

Loon. With a man in it. Och, let me alone for dusting your old jacket, mr. Bull.

Bull. The devil dust you, say I.

Loon. Be aisey, and I'll warrant we'll agree ; give me but what I ax, and we'll never tumble out about the wages.

Enter MARTHA.

Mar. There's another man come after the place, I believe, sir.

Bull. Let me see him. [*exit Martha.*]

Loon. Faith, now you'll bother yourself be-twixt us—you'll be like a cat in a tripe shop, and not know where to chose.

Enter LUMP.

Lump. Be you, mr. Bull, zur?

Bull. Yes, I'm the deputy.

Lump. Oh, if you are na but the deputy, I'll bide here till I sees mr. Bull himself.

Bull. Blockhead ! I am himself—mr. Deputy Bull.

Loon. Arrah can't you see, man, that this ugly old gentleman is himself.

Bull. Hold your tongue—what's your name?

Lump. John Lump.

Bull. And what do you want, John Lump?

Lump. Why, I'se com'd here, zur;—but as we be upon a bit of business, I'll let you hear the long and the short on't—*(draws a chair and sits down)* I'se com'd here, zur, to hire myself for your sarvant.

Bull. Ha—but you don't expect, I perceive, to have any standing wages.

Loon. *(drawing a chair and sitting down on the other side of Bull.)* Arn't you a pretty spalpeen, now, to squat yourself down there, in the presence of mr. Deputy Bull?

Bull. Now here's a couple of scoundrels!

Loon. Don't be in a passion with him—mind how I'll learn him politeness.

Bull. Get up directly, you villain, or—

Loon. *(complimenting.)* Not before, mr. Lump—see how I'll give him the polish.

Bull. If you don't get up directly, I'll squeeze your two heads together, like two figs in a jar.

Lump. *(rising.)* Oh, then, it's unmannerly for a footman to rest himself, I suppose.

Loon. *(rising.)* To be sure it is—no sarvant has the bad manners to sit before his master, but the coachman.

Lump. I ax your pardon, zur, I'se na but a poor yorkshire lad. travell'd up from Doncaster races—I'se simple, zur. but I'se willing to larn?

Bull. Simple and willing to learn? two good

qualities, master Lump, which will answer my purpose.

Loon. Mind what you're after going to do. mr. Deputy Bull, if you hire this fellow from the donkey races. when Looney Mactwolter is at your elbow I'll make free to say you're making a complete judy of yourself.

Bull. You do make free with a vengeance!—now I'll make free to say, get you out of my house, you damn'd impudent cow-doctor!

Loon. You're no scholar, or you'd larn how to bemean yourself to a physicianer. Arrah, is'nt a cow doctor as good as you, you ould fig man.

Bull. Old fig man!—this rascal too, quizzing my origin.—Get down stairs! or——

Loon. Don't come over me with the pride of your stairs, for hav'nt my father a comfortable ladder to go up and down stairs with?—to the devil I pitch you. mr. D-puty Bull—take mr. Lump into your dirty sarvice; and next time I'm after meeting him. I'll thump mr. Lump, or mr. Lump shall thump mr. Looney Mactwolter. [exit.

Bull. That irish bogtrotter has no more shame——

Lump. Noa zur; he ben't shameful at all—but, zur, you'll find I a very shameful sarvant.

Bull. Then look you. John Lump you shall have the same wages as my last footman; and if you are a very faithful lad, I'll give you a french half crown for a christmas-box.

Lump. Thank ye, zur; thank ye—if it was but five shillings——

Bull. You must know, John Lump, I have a ward—you never saw my ward?

Lump. Noa, zur; I seed one once in York hospital.

Bull. Pshaw, you blockhead!—this is a young lady; I must employ you to watch her day and night—she is now in her chamber.

Lump. Then she and I be to sleep in the same room, I suppose.

Bull. Nonsense! but come to my apartment in a quarter of an hour, and I'll explain all.

[going.

Lump. Zur!

Bull. Well!

Lump. Good bye, till I see you again, zur.

Bull. Pshaw! [exit.

Enter GRACE GAYLOVE.

Grace. If this man be hired, him will I suborn to circumvent my guardian. Friend!

Lump. Eh!

Grace. Art thou the new serving man?

Lump. Yes.

Grace. Dost thou love mammon?

Lump. Noa; I loves Dolly Duggin—she and I kept company.

Grace. He is simple, and understandeth not parables: I will commune with him in a language all ranks comprehend. Friend, here's a guinea for thee.

Lump. Is there—by gum!

Grace. Take it.

Lump. I wool.

Grace. Cheat thy master, and serve me.

Lump. I wool.

Grace. Dost think thou canst trick him well?

Lump. Yes—I'se York.

Grace. Follow me! thou comest north, and needest few tricking instructions. [exit.

Lump. A guinea!—I think somehow, she is taken with my person. I know I'm pretty—how nicely it shines!—well, I'll go a'ter her, and see if—never fetch me, if it is not my opinion, she want's to be mrs. Lump. [exit.



SCENE III.

A street in Windsor, with a view of the castle, in which is seen Quotem's house—over the door a board inscribed,

CALEB QUOTEM,

AUCTIONEER, PLUMBER, GLA-

ZIER, ENGRAVER, APOTHECARY, SCHOOL-

MASTER, WATCH-MAKER, SIGN

PAINTER, &c. &c.

N. B. This is the PARISH CLERKS'.

I cure AGUES, and teach the use of the GLOBES,

Enter CAPTAIN BEAUGARD.

Beau. This is the house, now for the lodgings, Lucy has provided for me; I dread the tongue of my landlord. The very board against the wall, says more than any of his neighbors.

[going to the door,

Enter LOONEY MACTWOLTER.

Loon. That Deputy Bull is the biggest beast in this parish—whatever's the next.

Beau. Bull! zounds, my little quaker's guardian. What do you know of Deputy Bull, pray?

Loon. I know a donkey driver's his wallet de sham, because he can't see I'm the dandy.

Beau. You are a servant he has discharged, I suppose?

Loon. Indeed, and he did that thing—he turn'd off Looney Mactwolter before he hired him; it wasn't genteel: and now he has got a Lump.

Beau. A lump! what's that?

Loon. Why sure, and isn't it a footman? I'll be even with mr. Bull, before he can say dump-lings.

Beau. As I must probably carry off my mistress from the deputy's, a stout fellow or two about me may be necessary. This irishman—friend, what say you to serving me? I give good pay and good eating.

Loon. By my soul then, you have a good character, I'll hire you for my master.

Beau. Come to me in this house, I'll give you employment. [*exit into Quotem's house.*]

Loon. Och, then, good luck to me!—I'm a captain's footman, so now I've got rank in the army; ould Bull the treacle-man, may be choak'd with a big fig, I shall eat shoulder of mutton, like an ostrich.

[*exit.*]

SCENE IV.

A room in Caleb Quotem's house.

Enter CAPTAIN BEAUGARD.

Beau. Considering I can only come here, from the camp, occasionally, I shall have a tolerable house full of attendants—let me see—Charles Williams I have ordered here to wait on me—and little Phœbe Whitethorn, that I may bring the lovers together—then there's the irishman, and——

CALEB QUOTEM. (*without.*)

Quo. Oh! very well, very well, I'll wait on the captain directly.

Beau. Who have we here? oh, my bore of a landlord, I suppose.

Enter QUOTEM.

Quo. Captain, your most obedient.

Beau. Yours, sir.

Quo. My name, sir, is Caleb Quotem—at your service; my father well known in this parish, and the country round, as the poet says; sexton and cryer, here, thirty years and upwards; by trade, a plumber and glazier—to which I have added many others, as auctioneer, schoolmaster, engraver, watchmaker, sign-painter, &c. talking of signs, puts me in mind of the zodiac—you must know I'm allow'd to possess some knowledge of the sciences—globes

terrestrial and celestial—telescopos and household furniture—understand all sorts of fixtures—magnets and marble slabs—polar stars and corner cupboards.

Beau. Damn the fellow he has travelled over both the hemispheres, and now fixed himself in a corner cupboard ;—but pray, what may be your business with me, sir.

Quo. My business, captain, is that of my father, as Shakspeare says—but my reason for attending you is—Talking of reason puts me in mind of the man in Bedlam, who swore all mankind were mad ; for they had locked him up, and he couldn't divine the cause :—now this man, as the poet says, had “ Cool reason on his side.”—Talking of side, puts me in mind of myself—I am behind myself, that is, I threw myself beside you, to express how much I am “ your humble servant,” as Dryden says.

Beau. A mighty expressive sentence indeed, mr. Quotem !

Quo. Captain, I shall be happy to serve you, on all occasions, I can make or mend pumps or windows, paint cupboards, or carriages, repair watches or weather-glasses : in short, (as a great author says) “ I'm up to every thing.” Talking of every thing, I write ballads and epitaphs—cut tomb-stones and sell coffin furniture ; I shall be glad to serve you with any of these articles, at the lowest price, as the poet says.

Beau. I hope I shan't trouble you for any of the last articles soon, mr. Quotem ; your town of Windsor is very wholesome.

Quo. The air is salubrious, and the fields look green, as Pope says—yet some way or other, people drop away very speedily.

Beau. Why you seem the very picture of health.

Quo. That's chiefly owing to part of my profession, or rather my father's profession—at which I always assist.

Beau. What is that?

Quo. Grave-making—turning up the fresh earth you know, is very healthful employ; I should like to dig your grave.—Talking of grave-making, puts me in mind of physic—do you know I dabble a little in that way.

Beau. Indeed!

Quo. When none of the faculty are on the spot, neighbors always call me in, being very near—several patients—my house—church-yard.

Beau. Church-yard!--oh, very near your patients—I dare say.

Quo. Ha! ha! come that's a good one—as man and boy in this town—been concerned in every thing, flimsy affairs and weighty matters—how do you think I employ my hours, a day now?—"A summer's day," as Milton says.

Beau. I can't guess indeed.

Quo. Morning, rise at five—father not up—run to church—ring bell—back to school—look over big boys' accounts—teach children catechism—breakfast at eight—swallow a muffin—play tune german flute or fiddle—fright jack-daws from chickens—church-yard—dig graves

till ten—run to pinfold—advertise strayed cattle—make out registers—marriage banns and certificates 'till eleven—home—scold wife—put pot on the fire—away I go—toll round for prayers—help curate on with surplice—run to school—whip the boys bottoms—back again time enough to cry *Amen*.—Thus passes my forenoon, as Congreve says.

Beau. Forenoon! zounds, man! you have done a day's work already.

Quo. Talking of work—I dine at one—go into shop, pound rosin or rhubarb—same mortar—mix up ball putty—box of pills—pint of paint—dose jalap—mend sash or sign-board—repair sun—change moon—blot out seven stars—squint at time-piece—put new wheel to works—add weight to kitchen clock—sand to hour-glass—main spring to watch, or sucker to pump—thus passes my time till four—burying, perhaps—never out of the way—boys toll bells—at hand to chime in—assist in the service—anthem from Job, “Dust to dust”—go home, and play at blind man's buff, with the boys, till six.

Beau. What a devil of a fellow this is!

Quo. Don't interrupt me, captain.

Beau. Well, then, at six.

Quo. At six, as the poet says—attend at great room—auctioneer—knock down household goods—going, going, gone—to my shop—cut tomb-stones—write epitaphs—to amuse myself, set 'em to music—feed hogs—coop-hens—drive ducks from the pond—sun-set, night comes on

—shut up shop—school and vestry—ring curfew—go home chimney corner—call my wife—stir fire—draw cork—smoke pipe—quaff—crack joke—laugh—lie down—or to make out time, “wind up the clock,” as Yorick says—thus ends the history of a day.

Beau. Thank heaven! his day is done, as the poet says; and here come's some one to prevent his beginning another.

Enter LOONEY MACTWOLTER.

Loon. Pray, now, is my new master's name Captain Blackguard?

Beau. Beaugard, you blockhead!

Loon. Then there's a little hoppy, my thumb soldier, axing after you in the passage.

Beau. That's Phœbe. (*aside.*) What have you done with him?

Loon. I took him under my arm, and pitch'd him down in the landing place, to be ready for you.—Here he come; faith, he's a tasty cock-sparrow!

Enter PHŒBE WHITETHORN.

Beau. Well, my young volunteer!

Phoe. I came to know your honor's order.

Beau. True; you must remain here for a time—I will answer for your being from camp. I have something to settle for you here, where your presence will be necessary.

Phoe. Musn't I attend the review to-morrow, captain?

Beau. You shall know that in the morning.

Quo. The review! why all the world will be there. Great celebrations to-night on the occasion at our club—all the singers practising below in my parlor. I teach 'em to troll—that's another of my trades. Do have 'em up, captain!

Beau. There's no getting rid of this fellow, I perceive. Any thing you please, mr. Quotem.

[*exit.*

Quo. (*calling off.*) Here, neighbors! neighbors!—here they come—merry rogues all captain!

Enter SOLDIERS.

Quo. Now fire away, as the poet says!

FINALE GLEE.

Life's a bumper, fill'd by fate,
 Let us guests enjoy the treat;
 Nor like silly mortals pass,
 Life as 'twere but half a glass :
 Let this scene with joy be crown'd!
 Let the glee and catch go round!
 All the sweets of life combine,
 Mirth and music, love and wine!

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

*An apartment in Quotem's house.**Enter LOONEY MACTWOLTER.*

Loon. I wish my new master would make a small parcel of haste. With this letter I'm to carry to the quakering lady at ould Bull's. Faith, now he's no green horn, to employ myself, Looney Mactwolter; I'm at home in a love affair, like a flea in a blanket.—Love! O, Judy O'Flannikin, you are at Balrudderry: but to be sure, I didn't bother your alabaster heart. Cupid, thou sand-blind god, pray look at me! I am your humble servant to command, Looney Mactwolter!

SONG.

Oh, whack! cupid's a mannikin;
 Smack on my back, he hit me a polter;
 Good lack! Judy O'Flannikin!
 Dearly she love's neat Looney Mactwolter,
 Judy's my darling, my kisses she suffers;
 She's an heiress, tis clear,
 For her father sells beer,
 He keeps the sign of the Cow and the Snuffers.
 She's so smart,
 From my heart
 I cannot bolt her.
 Oh, whack! Judy O'Flannikin!
 She is the girl for Looney Mactwolter.

Oh, hone! good news I need a bit.
We'd correspond, but learning would choak
her;

Marrone! I cannot read a bid,
Judy can't tell a pen from a poker.—
Judy's so constant I'll never forsake her;

She's as true as the moon,
Only one afternoon,
I caught her asleep with a hump-back shoe-
maker!

Oh, she's so smart,
From my heart
I cannot bolt her.

Oh, whack! Judy O'Flannikin!
She is the girl for Looney Mactwolter.

Enter CAPTAIN BEAUGARD.

Beau. Looney!

Loon. That's myself.

Beau. I order'd a carriage, is it come?

Loon. There's a chariot yonder, sure enough,
only it has never a box, and the coachman
rides one of the horses.

Beau. A post-chaise, you blockhead! order
the post-boy to drive to the back gate of mr.
Bull's garden;—and here's a letter—tis for
miss Gaylove; it must be delivered with secre-
cy, now Looney; and——

Loon. Be aisey! I'm as dumb as the parish
clerk of Killarney.

Beau. Is he dumb, then?

Loon. You may say that:—they've hang'd
him for stealing the church buckets.

Beau. This fellow, I fear, will make some blunder ; but Lucy will be upon the watch, as we have agreed.—Now mind, Looney ; you will find a person waiting for you on the outside of the garden gate, to that person give this letter, then loiter about, till you are joined by miss Gaylove, and her maid ; conduct them to the post-chaise, then come with them to the advanced guard of the camp, where you will find me.

Loon. I'll do that ;—but will that bit of a machine, think you, hold three of us ?

Beau. Why, you booby, you must go on the outside.

Loon. Och, with all my heart and soul, if it makes no odds to the ladies : the post driver rides but one horse you know, so I can sit check by jowl with him on the other.

Beau. Zounds ! get along and come with the chaise as you will.

Loon. Let me alone for that. (*going.*) Who knows now but I'll be after meeting mr. Lump at ould Bull's—if I do, Lump's head and Looney Mactwolter's fist may see which is softest.

[*exit.*]

Beau. My little quaker was to have sent me a line this morning, to further our operations. Some prevention, I suppose, at the deputy's—my letter by Looney, and the post-chaise, will, I trust, make every thing proceed glibly.

Enter CHARLES WILLIAMS.

Beau. Now Williams, what news from the camp ?

Will. His majesty will be upon the ground at one, your honor.

Beau. I shall be there in time for my duty, and you must follow me you know, you must be upon the watch when all is done, to assist in the business I mentioned.

Will. I shall take care, your honor! is the young lady to be there then?

Beau. All is arranged—I have just sent a messenger to conduct her to the spot; and when the review is over, we must move quietly off through the crowd, to the next village, without beat of drum, and steal a march upon matrimony.

Will. I wish you joy from the bottom of my soul, your honor—ah! captain! 'tis a happy lot to gain the woman we love.

Beau. Why you have a devilish melancholy way of wishing a man joy, Williams—you have lost the woman you love perhaps.

Will. I, your honor! oh, tisn't for a poor fellow like me, to think about marriage.

Beau. Should you think of it then if you were richer?

Will. Should I? ah, your honor.

Beau. Pho—I perceive—so you only want to make up a purse, that you may quit the army for the lass of your fancy.

Will. No, your honor, I love the army; and if I should chance to make a little money in it, I wouldn't be so ungrateful as to leave it, as long as my king and country wanted my service;—but should accident put a few guineas

in my pocket, I would petition your honor, to get me a short leave of absence.

Beau. For what reason, Williams?

Will. Why, then, I would take a journey on foot into Shropshire, your honor, that I might pour my little fortune into the lap of a poor girl, who was to have married me, in my better days, and whose heart is constant, now my prospects are changed.

Beau. Poor fellow! but don't be down-hearted, Williams, a soldier, my lad, should never despair! who knows what may happen? who knows now, Williams, but little Phœbe White-thorn may be yours at last?

Will. Phœbe!—why—what, then, does your honor know that—why—could——

Beau. Nay, nay, don't be surprized that an officer knows more of his men, than they are aware of.—But follow me soon to the camp—wait here, however, a few minutes, I have a person to send to you on a little business, that you must bring with you to me; and, remember, Williams, hope and success, should be the english soldier's motto.

Will. What does his honor mean? how can he have heard of Phœbe? and he went away smiling, to see me uneasy at what he may call a trifle; he does not know how many a night I have lain awake, in my tent, with a breaking heart, to think my poor Phœbe may be without a friend to shelter her.—Heighho!—perhaps, I shall never hear her voice again!

Enter PHŒBE WHITETHORN.

Phoe. Charles!

Will. Eh!—no—yes—why sure it can't be!

Phoe. What, have you forgot me, Charles?

Will. Is it possible! Phæbe! (*embracing*) forget you; oh, no! but how—why—why have you come here, Phæbe?

Phoe. Why because you have come here, Charles, I couldn't for my life bear to stay away any longer.

Will. My dear Phæbe! but in this dress too?

Phoe. This dress? oh, that's because I'm enlisted.

Will. Enlisted!

Phoe. Yes; I'm a volunteer, but the captain found me out yesterday.—It made me so ashamed at first!—for I thought nobody should be able to tell if I was a woman but you Charles.

Will. Phæbe, you frighten me, to see you in such a place as a camp! disguised too, exposed to the rudeness of our men—and what have we to hope for, Phæbe? so poor as we are, you know that tisn't possible that——

Phoe. Oh! never you frighten yourself, about that, Charles, I have some news, from our village, that will make your dear heart jump again.

Will. Indeed! what is it, Phæbe?

Phoe. Why, last week, as I was crying before farmer Sourby's gate; for he had just turned me out, because he said I was mopish, and could do no work.

Will. Damn him!

Phoe. Dear ! if you have'nt learned to swear since you have been a soldier, Charles !

Will. Well, Phœbe !

Phoe. Why, there came lawyer Goodwill, all in a hurry—and he told me that I had got a fortune.

Will. A fortune !

Phoe. As sure as you are there, Charles, and he said that my old uncle Whitethorn, who went a sea-faring, just as I was born, had died in a foreign land, and had given me a good fifty pounds a year, as long as ever I lived, out of the great bank of London. Here's all the papers, Charles, (*taking them out of her bosom*) I've kept them very safe for you—and its all yours if it was twenty and twenty times as much.

Will. My dear Phœbe, I—(*wiping his eyes*) I'll speak to you presently.

Phoe. Dear, what's the matter ?

Will. Bless you Phœbe ! tis a comfort to my heart to know you have got this money, and I would sooner be shot for a deserter, than take a penny of it. (*Phœbe bursts into tears.*) Why Phœbe !

Phoe. Ah, Charles ! I didn't change with your fortune, why should you change with mine ?

Will. I'd sooner die than change ; I only think of your good ; but I musn't live in idleness, to consume the money you want for yourself, Phœbe.

Phoe. I could never have thought you would prove false-hearted at last, Charles !

Will. By all that's true, then, if I could but get a decent competence by my own industry—

Phoe. You can soon have that, Charles, while you have such a master as his honor the captain.

Will. His honor is very good to me, very good to me to be sure, but——

Phoe. Yes, he said he was going to be married to-day, and that he'd enable you, if you pleased, to be married to-morrow; so you know of course, I told him I was very much obliged to him.

Will. Did his honor say that? then, Phœbe, if that's the case, though I would serve my king as long as I am able, we'll never be half a day's march asunder, if I should fight fifty campaigns.

Phoe. Ah, my dear Charles, I'm so happy!

Will. So am I too, Phœbe!

DUET.—WILLIAMS *and* PHŒBE.

Will. And will my love contented be
To dwell awhile in camp with me?

Phoe. With you around the world I'd roam,
Nor ever waste a thought on home.

Both. Then merry round the world we'll go,
While gaily singing nonino.

Will. But if retiring from the wars,
Grown old, and cover'd o'er with scars?

Phoe. Then sitting by the cottage door,
We'll tell old stories o'er and o'er.

Will. Then I will quaff,

Phoe. And I will sing!

As happy as a queen and king.

Both. Happy the evening of our life,
The ancient soldier and his wife.

Then merry round, &c. &c.

[*exit.*]

Enter CALEB QUOTEM.

Quo. I'm for the review!—a joyous day!—majesty will be there, and so will Caleb Quotem, the wag of Windsor. Business must cease till to-morrow—sun and moon must stand still; stray'd cattle must find their own way home—as many as they can out of the pound, like a bankrupt's shillings :—this is a holliday—broken windows, rosin, hens, ducks, rhubarb, kitchen clock, and boys' bottoms, may all go and be damn'd, as the poet says! bless me, I'm in spirits!—Dubbs!

Enter DUBBS.

Dubbs. Sir!

Quo. Dubbs you know I've made you my man.

Dubbs. Yes sir.

Quo. There's a review—every body should make holliday; therefore my boy, Dubbs, you shall do as much work for me to day as you can.

Dubbs. Thank you, sir.

Quo. I toll'd the parish bell this morning, you must ring it again at three—you can pull the rope, Dubbs.

Dubbs. Oh, yes, sir ; you brought me up to it, you know.

Quo. So I did, Dubbs—you were brought up to a rope, sure enough ;—I'm a kind master to you. Run with my compliments to the widow Thumpkin, her husband's dead of a dropsy, and can't keep—but tell her to-day's holliday, and I hope it will be agreeable to pop the deceased mr. Thumpkin into the ground to-morrow.

Dubbs. Won't she be angry, sir ?

Quo. Not at all ;—Dubbs, you're a block-head ! if a husband were alive, indeed, a lady might take the defering his funeral in dudgeon—but suppose she did ? why, I've every thing my own way—I'm cock of the walk, as Milton says.

Dubbs. What's to be done with the school boys, sir ?

Quo. Let them do as much mischief as they like, I whip'd them all round before breakfast ; so if they get into a scrape we're quits.

Dubbs. This is bon-fire night—I warrant they'll break half the windows in Windsor.

Quo. So much the better ; I'm a glazier—I deal in putty, as Plutarch says.—Look to the house, Dubbs, and the business—if any body asks if I'm coming, say I'm gone ; if any body grumbles at my being gone, say I'm coming—that's the way great men settle with their creditors.—Go, Dubbs. [*exit Dubbs.*]

I shall leave every thing at sixes and sevens—Muggs, the publican, will go mad—I've rubb'd out two legs of his red lion—he must wait till I

can paint fresh ones—his lion can't run away without legs, as the poet says.—I'm for the review!—soldiers!—what if they tried to enlist me? for I shall be as drunk as a fiddler.—Trades must stand still till to-morrow—I must rehearse my song for our club to-night.

SONG—QUOTEM.

I'm parish clerk and sexton here,
 My name is Caleb Quotem;
 I'm painter, glazier, auctioneer:
 In short I am factotem.
 I make a watch—I mend the pumps;
 For plumbers work my knack is?
 I physic sell—I cure the mumps—
 I tomb-stones cut—I cut the rumps
 Of little school boy Jackies.
 Geography is my delight—
 Ballads—epitaphs I write—
 Almanacs I can indite—
 Graves I dig compact and tight.
 At dusk by the fire, like a good jolly cook,
 When my days work is done and all over,
 I tipple, I smoke, and wind up the clock,
 With sweet mrs. Quotem in clover.—
 With my amen, gaymen,
 Rum Quotem,
 Factotem;
 Putty and lead;
 Stumps, mumps,
 Bumps, rumps,
 Mortar he thumps;
 Jogging, flogging;

Sign post daubery,
 Split crow or strawberry ;
 Chimery, rhimery—
 Liquorish, stickorish—
 Chizzle, tomb—
 Frizzle tomb—
 Going, a going !
 Squills, pills—
 Song inditing,
 Epitaph writing ;
 Steeple sound,
 Corpse to ground ;
 Windsor soap,
 Physic the pope ;
 Home hop,
 Shut up shop ;
 Punch bowl crockery,
 Wind up clockery.—

Many small articles make up a hum ;
 I dabble in all—I'm merry, and rum :
 And it is heigho ! for Caleb Quotem O !

—*—

SCENE II.

The outer wall of mr. Deputy Bull's garden.

A garden gate.

Enter LUCY and JOHN LUMP, (from the garden.)

Lucy. Now be sure you make no mistake.

Lump. Noa, I won't.

Lucy. My young lady will never forgive you if you do—here's the letter—"To captain Beau-

gard, at mr. Quotems;" you know the way--look at the direction, and—but can you read?

Lump. Yeess—zure; I can read any thing but writing hand and print—I say, mrs. Lucy, ben't all this about love?

Lucy. Pshaw! what should you know about love.

Lump. It comes nat'ral to a body—mrs. Lucy—hum—doan't you think I am prettyish?

Lucy. Oh, you are a Doncaster angel.

Lump. An angel!—I'll be shot now if I han't been thinking the same of you—you'd make a sweet sign for a public house—I'll give her a kiss.

Lucy. Well now go on your errand, and—what does the fool stand sniggering there, for?

Lump. I won't go till you give I a smack.

Lucy. Take it then (*gives him a box on the ear.*) [exit Lucy, at the garden gate.

Lump. 'Tware a right good douse of the chops, by gum!

Enter LOONEY MACTWOLTER.

Loon. I wonder who it is I'm to find waiting for this letter; and—by the powers, its mr. Lump! faith now, I'll give him a neat salutation.

Lump. (*rubbing his cheek.*) I wouldn't take such a knock on 'tother side, for two-pence.

Loon. (*comes behind Lump, and hits him a box on the ear, then bows.*) How do you do, mr. Lump?

Lump. Dom thee what's that for? (*going to strike.*)

Loon. Then would you strike a harmless man on the king's highway, you house breaker! och, for shame!

Lump. For sheam? wauns, I'll——

Loon. Take the letter, and hold your gab.

Lump. Letter!

Loon. Arrah, and is'nt it a letter? look at the back, see it's all waxy like a potatoe; you have been waiting for it you know—it's for miss Disgrace Gaylove, from Captain Beaugard my new master.

Lump. From the captain? then it saves I a walk—here be the answer. (*gives a letter.*)

Loon. Lump, my honey, none of your blarney—don't I know the quakering lady would'nt hurry herself to answer a letter, before she received it, excepting she wrote express.

Lump. Why, man, this dunna come by the post.

Loon. Faith, that's true—that makes a big difference;—but let's be sure all's right and tight, and that this is for my honor's master, the captain.

Lump. Then do you read supscription.

Loon. After you, if you please—I was learn'd to read by deputy.

Lump. That's the way I was learn'd too.

Loon. Arn't you asham'd of yourself, man, to be so ignorant; fie upon you, not to know B from a bull's foot—here, take back the——Eh! by my soul, I've mix'd the two billy ducks! I don't know which is itself—then sure the father of letters always had twins, for his four corner'd children are plaguily alike. Mr. Lump!

Lump. Anan.

Loon. Did you ever see a gentleman in his waistcoat, that rides before the outside of a post chaise?

Lump. Yees.

Loon. There's one at the corner of the wall, ax him to misinterpret for us.

Lump. Maphap he mayn't be able.

Loon. Thunder and turf man! havn't the tickets at the turnpikes, larn'd him his alphabet—stop, a thought strikes me on the head.

Lump. Does it? dom, I hope it hurts—I have been struck on the head pretty tightish.

Loon. Never mind, I'll charge you nothing for that, we are both employed—I take it to frustificate the schemes of ould Bull.

Lump. Yees, I be a cheating old measter—miss Grace gived I a guinea for't—I loves to be honest to my employer.

Loon. If we trust young leather brogues, there at the corner of the wall, won't he be after telling of us?

Lump. Zure enough, there's no trusting one as deals in horses—I learned that in Yorkshire.

Loon. Take me into the house, my honey, we'll ax the lady, or ould Bull, or any one else the meaning of this scribble scrabble.

Lump. Done.

Loon. Done: Jacky Lump? shan't we be friends?

Lump. I hates malice.

Loon. That's right, you've got a damn'd bad place that I lost, and I've got a good one—but

to the devil I pitch revenge, for trifles : come, Jacky Lump ! we'll make friends over a sup, my jewel—steal a mug of your master's beer—damn the expense. *[exit into garden.*

SCENE III.

An apartment in Bull's house.

Enter GRACE GAYLOVE and LUCY.

Grace. Hast thou seen the man, Lump, with the letter I gave thee?

Lucy. Oh, yes, ma'am.

Grace. Think'st thou he will not blunder?

Lucy. Oh, no, ma'am, he's cunning enough

Grace. True, knavery has set his hand-mark in that yorkshireman's face.

Lucy. Yes, ma'm, but I tried to rub it out, just now at the garden-gate.

Grace. How, Lucy !

Lucy. With my own hand-mark, ma'am ; I slapped his face, a saucy devil.

Grace. I wonder Beaugard has not sent—I wrote to him that same letter to prevent mistakes ;—but he promised intelligence this morning.

Lucy. 'Tis early yet, ma'am—he'll send, depend upon it.

Grace. Moreover, he talked of a leather convenience, to take me to the review; after which, we were to cheat my guardian, that lusty deputy, and be joined in wedlock.

DEPUTY BULL (*without.*)

Bull. Lump! John Lump!

Lucy. That's your guardian's voice, ma'am.

Grace. I know it; for there's none resembling it in the house, excepting his coachman's raven.

Enter BULL.

Bull. Damn my new footman Lump! I had rather put up with the old one, he was saucy, and stayed at home, this fellow's civil, but he's never to be found—Do you know where he is, madam Grace?

Grace. Yea?

Bull. Yea? then where?

Grace. Tell him, Lucy—I am a quaker—but thou art a chamber-maid, and may'st lie for me.

Lucy. Yes, ma'am.—He's gone to—to—to feed the ducks, sir?

Bull. Damn the ducks! I want him to feed me—why does he waddle off to the pond when I want my breakfast? this is the review-day, and you've got the fellow out of the house that you may go a scampering.

Lucy. My mistress does'nt love scampering, I can assure you, sir!

Bull. Does'nt she, then that's more than I can say of her maid—you broke down my goosberry bush—dancing the hays in the kitching garden, with the tall apothecary.

Enter LUMP and LOONEY, following.

Bull. Oh! you're come at last! you are plaguy fond of ducks I think.

Lump. Yees, zur, I loves 'em stuff'd with sage and onion, hugely!

Loon. I like 'em with a good potatoe pudding in their belly!

Bull. I'll teach you to go to my pond, you blockhead.

Lump. Doan't ye trouble yourself, zur—I knows the way.

Lucy. (*apart to Lump.*) Have you carried the letter?

Lump. Noa?

Grace. Hast thou been treacherous then, friend?

Lump. Noa, I han't been at all.

Bull. What the devil are you whispering about? let me know what, the— (*going up to them, Looney Mactwolter comes between them.*)

Loon. Your servant, mr. Deputy Bull!

Bull. Here's that infernal cow-doctor come again.

Loon. What, and havn't I took leave of the cows, for the army?

Bull. You in the army!

Loon. Yes, I brush spatterdashes for a captain.

Bull. Then brush out of my house as fast as you can!

Loon. I scorn to soil your dirty clean carpet—if I hadn't been bother'd about a bit of paper, because I can't read at this present writing; but you have made out cheating bills for your shop, you know, and can spell figs.

Bull. Figs! there again! every body quizzes my origin.

Loon. Shut your ugly mouth, and read me the outside kiver of this billy duck. (*gives him the letter.*)

Bull. Why what's all this?—"To miss Grace Gaylove"—(*opens it.*) "Beaugard"—so, so.

Loon. Faith, then I've got the wrong, give your's back to the quakering lady, mr. Lump.

Lump. Yees. (*offering it to Grace.*)

Bull. Mr. Lump shall give it to me, if he pleases. (*snatches it.*)

Loon. Why, mr. Deputy Bull, would you be after robbing the mail?

Bull. "To Captain Beaugard,"—and in her own hand.—Oh, you she devil of a quaker!

Grace. (*apart.*) We are betrayed, Lucy.

Lucy. (*apart.*) Undone, ma'am; these stupid blockheads——

Bull. Now for it. (*reading Beaugard's letter.*) "Dearest Grace,"—oh, you abominable! but let me see—aye, "Grace"——

Loon. Well, you've said grace, now fall too, mr. Deputy Bull.

Bull. (reading.) "I tremble least the bearer of this should commit a blunder".——

Loon. Faith now, that is foolish of him enough!

Bull. (reading.) "You will find a post-chaise, waiting for you and Lucy at the garden wall."——

Grace. (apart.) That intelligence sufficeth.

Bull. (reading on.) "Lose no time in getting into it,"——

Grace. We will follow thy council. (*beckons Lucy, and they steal out.*)

Bull. (reading.) "For should old honey and treacle"——

Loon. There's a sweet line!

Lump. He, he; why, zur, the captain has found out your old trade, zure enough.

Bull. Hold your tongue, you scoundrel. (*reads.*) "Take the alarm, all our plans will miscarry."—Damn me, but they shall miscarry! stay where you are, madam, till I read the other—aye! (*opening the other letter.*) "Friend Beaugard, I am prepared to meet thee at the camp, and afterwards to attend thee to the church. I wait for news from thee to elude my foolish guardian." "Foolish guardian."—not so foolish as you imagine; but if you escape, I'll be bound to be call'd fool as long as I live. I'll teach you to—(*turning round.*) Eh!—why, zounds, she's gone!

Loon. Faith, she is! and you must be call'd fool as long as you live, mr. Deputy Bull.

Bull. (*calling.*) Here—run—fly—order the coach to the camp!—damn me, but I'll be first among the ranks!—get the coach directly, you scoundrel—and you to be in a plot too, when I promis'd to reward you at christmas, you dog!

Lump. Yes, zo, you did zur—I hope you'll be as good as your word with me.

Bull. Get out you rascal, and order the coach directly. [*exit Lump.*]

Loon. If you have a seat for me, mr. Deputy Bull, I'm after going your road.

Bull. Get out of my house, you cursed hay-making, jacket-brushing, cow-physicing son of a—— [*exit, driving him out.*]



SCENE IV.

Open country, &c.—View of the camp.—Shouts at a distance.

Enter CALEB QUOTEM.

Quo. Bless me! there's a monstrous throng! I've slipp'd thro' a crowd of my customers; damn'em I'm even with them, for they are always slipping away from me; there's the camp, the general camp—pioneers and all, as the po.

et says ; I like soldiers, they help grave-makers, only the letting off a gun makes me jump—I must get a good place—If I could find my lodger the captain, he'd——

Enter BEAUGARD.

Ha, talk of the devil—captain, your humble, as I say.

Beau. (looking out.) I see nothing of Looney yet, nor the chaise.

Quo. He does not hear me—captain, your servant.

Beau. That irishman's as stupid as a post.

Quo. And, I think you're as deaf as a post—captain Beaugard, I——

Beau. (turning round.) Oh, mr. Quotem—this fellow at such a moment ! mr. Quotem, I—I am very busy here, and you must excuse me. *(turns from him.)*

Quo. Cuts me, as Chaucer says—I hope he'll mind me a little more every Saturday, when I come for a week's lodging—how shall I get a good place without him ? but I'll press perseverance, that's the only way men get places at present.

Enter CHARLES WILLIAMS and PHŒBE.

Beau. What intelligence, Williams ?

Will. None your honor—but 'tis full early, all will go well I warrant.

Beau. It goes well with you I see, you have brought your companion with you.

Quo. Oh! that's the little cock-sparrow soldier I saw at my house.

Phoe. We are so obliged to your honor——

Beau. Nay, no thanks now, my little Phœbe.

Quo. Phœbe!

Will. Heaven bless you, captain! you have made me happy with the woman of my heart, and I hope to serve his majesty and your honor, as long as I live.

Quo. Woman, zounds! then the cock-sparrow's a hen, as the poet says—If you could put me in a good place to see review—captain——
(*going up to him.*)

Beau. (*pushing him away.*) Damn it stand aside—yonder she is in the post-chaise, and Lucy with her. (*looking out.*)

Quo. A smart rebuff, that; but persevere, it will always answer.

Will. They are getting out of the carriage, your honor.

Beau. And running towards us; nothing has happened, I hope to——

Enter GRACE GAYLOVE and LUCY.

Grace. (*running to Beaugard.*) Oh! friend Beaugard!

Beau. What's the matter! you are flurried, my love!

Grace. We are pursued—my guardian——

Beau. Discovered!—confound him.

Grace. I wish we could; but will not he confound us?

Lucy. Oh, captain, there's the devil to pay—the deputy has found out all—he's close at our heels, followed by the irish looby that made the mischief—here he comes, as I'm alive!

Beau. Courage! we can't retreat, so face the enemy boldly.

Enter DEPUTY BULL.

Bull. Oh, you stealer of quakers!

Beau. What's the matter, sir?

Bull. Matter, sir! carries off an heiress, and then asks what's the matter!—if there's law to be had—but come you home directly.

Grace. Nay, friend Bull, I will not; being in camp, I throw myself under military protection.

Bull. You do!

Lucy. Yes, sir; my mistress and I are both under military protection.

Bull. Here's impudence! but I'll try the power of the guardian. I will, captain, in spite of you and your myrmidons, your six-foot grenadiers, and damn'd irish cow doctors!

Enter LOONEY MACTWOLTER.

Loon. Be aisey, mr. Bull, among us gentlemen soldiers, or you'll see a fig-man toss'd in a blanket.

Beau. Look you, sir, storming will have little effect, the parties are agreed; agree quietly with them, or we proceed, in spite of you, and a short time puts it out of your power.

Bull. Why, there's some truth in that; and if you hadn't went all about Windsor saying I was a grocer——

Beau. Ha, ha! you musn't believe reports, mr. Bull; I never said nor intended to say, any thing you need be asham'd of——

Loon. I tell you man, he loves almonds and raisons, as well as I love whisky.

Bull. He has a damn'd sweet tooth of his own—but, there—I consent.

Quo. So! a marriage—I'm parish clerk—a jobb for me, as the poet says.

Grace. And now friend Bull, thou wilt be no more troubled with a scampering quaker.

(*Drums roll.*)

Beau. Hark, the drums beat! the review is commencing.

Quo. If you could procure me a place captain——

Beau. Well, well, I will procure you one.

Quo. There perseverance! it always answers.

Beau. And now I must to my post,

(*Drums' roll.*)

The soldiers enter five deep—when they meet in the centre,

(Drums roll again.)

The soldiers then open to the right and left.

(Drums roll again.)

The soldiers then close again, as before.

(Drums roll again.)

The soldiers then move across the stage and exit.

All the characters then enter to the

FINALE.

Briskly beat the hollow drum !

Merry see the soldier come !

Pikes and halberts gleaming,

Colors gaily streaming :

Troll the martial measure !

Tis the soldier's pleasure !

Briskly beat the drum !

Soldiers know no sorrow !

We're merry men on english ground, a-ground,

Careless of to-morrow ;

We gaily march the country round, around.

.....
END OF THE REVIEW.
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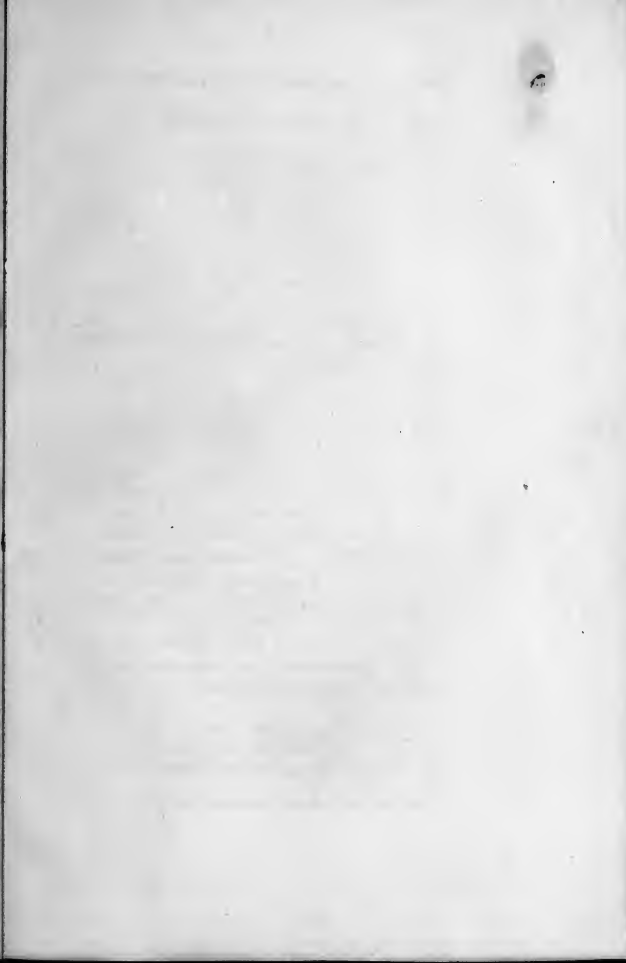
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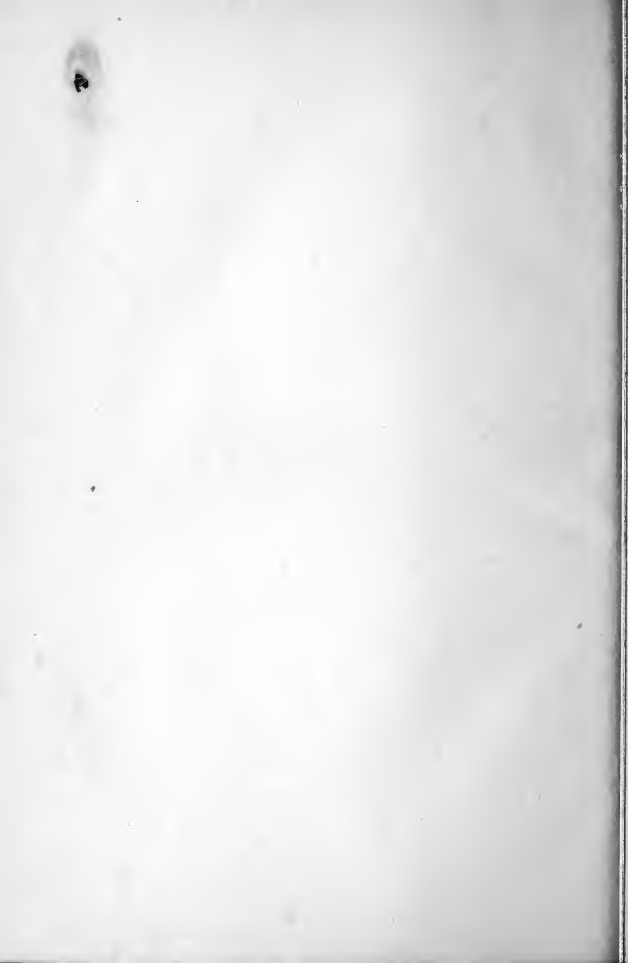
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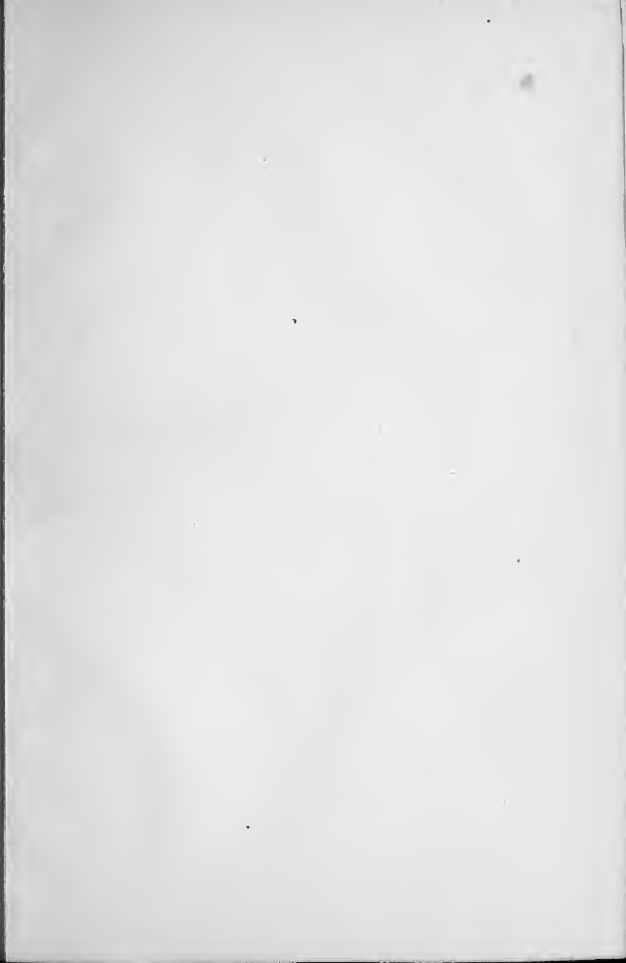
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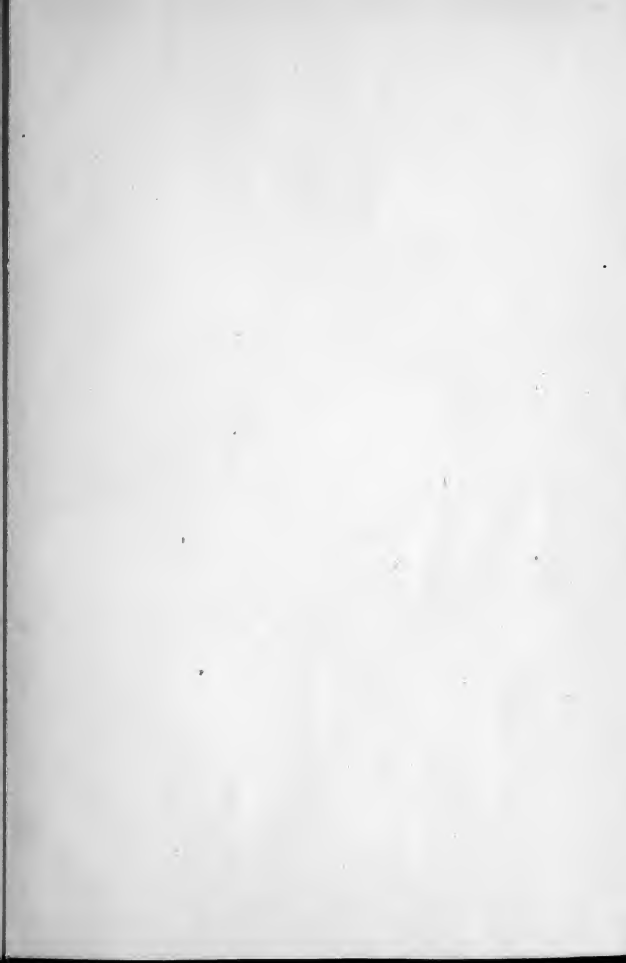
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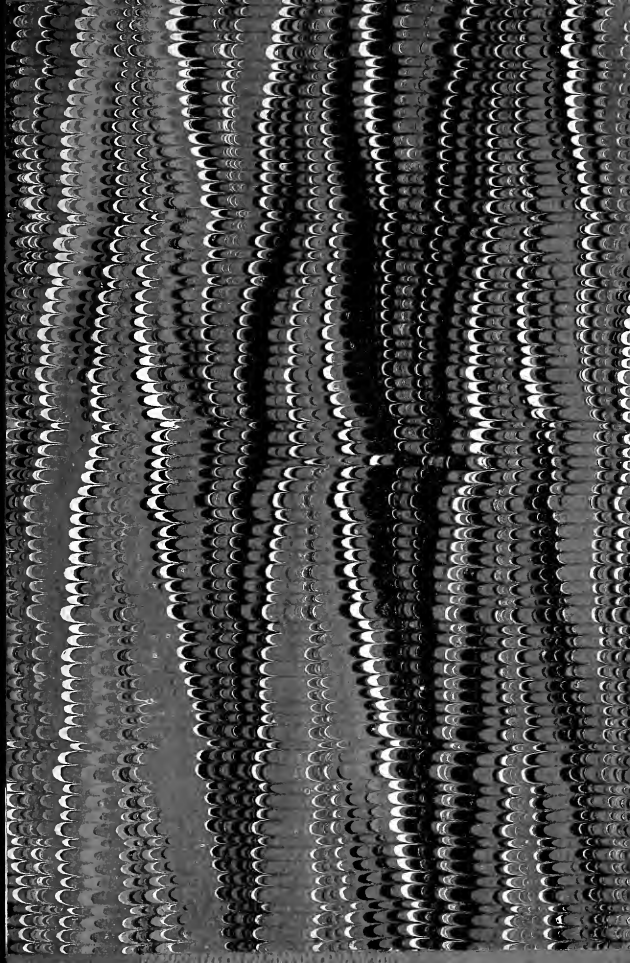


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